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A
MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION
OF
SATIRICAL PIECES,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE,

RESPECTING THE EXTRAORDINARY, UNPRECEDENTED AND
SCANDALOUS CONDUCT OF

Master Tommy Dishclout, B.D. *(signed)*

AND
SOME OF HIS LEARNED FRIENDS,

Which have appeared at different Times in the various
Magazines, Newspapers, and other Publications,
Hand-bills, &c. &c.

Now carefully collected together, and digested in regular
Order, to perpetuate the Memory of ONE, whose
malicious Heart has distinguished him as an utter
Enemy to the Practice of true Religion and Virtue.

The Whole being revised and corrected,
With some occasional and necessary REMARKS,
By an ENEMY to ACTS of INJUSTICE.

Nemo me impune lacessit. JUV.
No one shall injure me, and go unchastised.

Let him, whom the Cap fits, wear it. ANON.

L O N D O N:
Printed for ALEX. HOGG, at the *King's Arms*,
No. 16, *Pater-noster Row*.

[Price only 1s.—but given GRATIS to some of the Publisher's particular
Customers.]

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MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION
OF
SATIRICAL PIECES
IN PROSE AND VERS

SELECTED FROM THE EXTRACTS, UNPUBLISHED AND
REPRINTED FROM THE

Author Thomas B.D.

SOME OF HIS LATTER DAYS

AND HIS LAST DAYS

AND HIS LAST DAYS



AND HIS LAST DAYS

AND HIS LAST DAYS

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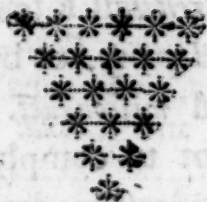
AND HIS LAST DAYS

P R E F A C E.

WE have it from undeniable authority, that a *whole year* elapsed from the time the *injury* was *received*, before any of the *following pieces* were *suffered* by the *Printers* to *appear* in the *Magazines*, &c. *against the offending party*. This *caution* against a *too precipitate* appeal to the *Public*, was observed in order to give Mr. D. a full opportunity to make *restitution*, either by *making up the loss* to the *injured party*, or by *publicly acknowledging his error and misconduct*. This, however, he thought proper not to comply with; and, indeed, though it was at least his duty to have done so, and he was allowed sufficient time for the purpose, yet the Publisher, from a thorough knowledge of the disposition of the man, was not by any means disappointed in his expectations. Consequently a *man*, who could do so much *harm*, without attempting any *mode of restitution* whatever to the *party injured*, was considered as a person undeserving of any farther respect or ceremony; and (a le-

gal process for satisfaction being declined from the best of motives, it is believed) many satires and lampoons were permitted to appear in the different prints, as a *gentle chastisement* of the offender.

An ENEMY to ACTS of INJUSTICE.



A COL-

A
COLLECTION
OF
SATIRICAL PIECES
In PROSE AND VERSE, &c.

TOMMY DISHCLOUT,*

A SATIRICAL STORY,† FOUNDED ON *Facts*.

Designed as a *Lesson of Humiliation to Him for
whom it is intended.*

HERE we present for once, the *subject new*,
An *Advertising Parson* to your view;
A *meddling gossip*, who runs up and down,
To gather news and scandal through the town;
For

* According to *Gaffer Greybeard*, a *Dishclout* and a *Wet TOWELL*, signify pretty nearly the *same Thing*.

† These Lines, we are credibly informed, were written by a Minister, who is well known occasionally to have a turn for satire and humour, notwithstanding the original printer in September 1784, for some particular reasons, intimated ludicrously and in an indirect way that they were found
near

For *this*, what *dire disgrace* upon him *fell*,
 Ask of *Romaine*, for good *Romaine* can tell;
Tommy him told, that 'from the truth he *swerv'd*,
 And met the *treatment* which he well *deserv'd*.
 But say, O *Muse*, how *low* his head he held,
 When from the *old Society* expell'd;
 At the *King's Head* they put him to the *scout*,
 And fairly *drove* the *Busy-body* out;
 Yet *now* again *restor'd*—but—by the *bye*,
 Since *WARNE* enrich'd his *pride* and *family*;
 And *still*, though *old*, through *thick* and *thin* he
drives,

In the *high road* of *calumny* and *lies*:
Books, *characters*, and *ministers*, his *game*,
 At *these*, through *daily prints*, he *takes* his *aim*;
 Nay, *pays* the *printers* to *insert* his *stuff*,
 For if he *disapproves*, it is *enough*;
 For *Names* he *hunts*, to *shew* his *consequence*,
 The *reason why*, he leaves to men of *sense*:
 A *MAGAZINE*, though *SPIRITUAL* and *good*,
 For his *foul rancorous mind* is *dainty food*,
 To run *THIS* down, each *brother's aid* he *claims*—
Draws up an *ADVERTISEMENT*—*Begs their names*—
Trots here—*sculks* there—*levels* a *random blow*
 At the *King's Arms*, in *Paternoster-row*:

The

near Homerton, carefully folded up in a newspaper, in which was inserted a certain advertisement, and that they had been composed by some of the students there. It was thought then necessary to mention the circumstance of the advertisement accompanying the lines, but the world being now sufficiently acquainted with this complicated business, we shall not here recite the particulars.

ON MASTER TOMMY DISHCLOUT, B. D. 7

The *Publisher*, while standing in his Shop,
Dishclout to stop his mouth, these words let drop:
 ' My portrait—character—my name to use,
 ' What insolence! what daring gross abuse!
 Silent the *Publisher*, amaz'd, remain'd—
 Tom frown'd,—look'd big—foul passion on him gain'd.
 Trembling at length with rage, he vow'd he would
 Bring on him ' all the mischief that he could :'
 A *Christian-deed*, but each man has his failing ;
 Tom's is, for well-meant good, to render railing :
 Witness his little arts, from pride deriv'd,
 To crush a MAGAZINE because it thriv'd ;
 Among his brethren he put his paltry name,
 What is right SPIRITUAL to defame:
 Gibbons and H—nt—r were made take the lead,
 To screen the Culprit from his Dirty Deed:
 He disapproves—say Muse, the reason why?
 Because he had no finger in the pie—
 ' This *Publisher*, (says he) a bold saucy fellow,
 ' Would take us off, like any Punchinello ;
 ' Why did he not await our high command,
 ' And seek the needful aid with cap in hand ?
 ' Order his Myrmidons not to indite,
 ' But what we dictate, or what we may write ?
 ' For, though no judges in the court of wit,
 ' On SPIRITUAL MAGAZINES supreme we sit.'
 Would any know the motives, aim, and end,
 That actuate this cross-ey'd busy fiend ?
 Tom mischief loves—employs each simple tool,
 To prove—himself a proud, officious fool—
 Double in look—to right or wrong inclin'd,
 As this or that may suit his selfish mind.
 More rich in purse than grace, behold, he stands
 Erect, with half-clos'd eyes, and uprais'd hands :
 Now straining high in tone, now very low,
 He drawls forth dry remarks to those below ;

And

And *squee—zes* out his *wo—rds* for *gen—eral* use,
 As *har—maids* *squeeze* and *press* out *lemon—juice*.
 To warn *his people*, lest they go *astray*,
 Lo! with what *earnestness* he marks their way!
 Expounds, or preaches, most *profoundly deep*,
 While *half* his *LITTLE flock*—are *fast asleep*;
 Why, *this* is *edifying*, *calm*, *still teaching*,
 This, *this*, the very *dignity* of *preaching*.
 Yet, think not all his *knowledge* lies in *this*,
 To lull a *saint* or *sinner* to his *bliss*—
Disbclout much *bigger flies*, much *deeper goes*,
Bills, *finer*, *recoveries*, *Chancery suits* he knows;
 An *Orphan* he *dragg'd* through *this dirty lane*,
 And *sixty pounds* were both his *loss* and *gain*.

Tommy from *parents mean* deriv'd his *birth*,
 But *fortune* made him soon a *man of worth*:
 A *rich old aunt* held *fast* her *only good*,
 When *Death* and *Thomas* up as *claimants* stood;
 The *miser* paid her *debt* to *Nature due*—
 With *eager steps* *Tom* to her *coffers* *flew*;
Fines and *recoveries* gave him her *estate*,
 And who as *Thomas* then so *wise* and *great*!

Our Hero furnish'd with *convenient food*,
Feels every joy—but that of *doing good*;
Cordials at *Cole's* his *dainty palate* please,
 Where *now* he *struts* with *dignity* and *ease*.
Sometimes, without one *sour*, or *low'ring feature*,
Tom roams *abroad* in *search* of the *good creature*.
 To *Orchard house*, near *Blackwall*, once he *went*,
 There to *enjoy* his *wealth*, if not *content*;
Snug in a *corner* perch'd, *W—k—r* him *found*,
Giggling, as *punch* and *b—y* songs *went round*.
 Ah! *Tommy* little thought a *fiend* so *near*—
 So *smoak'd* his *pipe*, and *drank*, uncurb'd by *fear*;
 One *bowl* he quickly *drains*, what then?—*another*—
 And *this* and *that* were follow'd by a *brother*,

Till warm'd, and by repeated draughts grown mellow,
 Tom homeward reels—a buckish, hearty fellow.
 But O! sweet Charity, do thou impart
 Thy better riches to his sordid heart!
 As oft as by the CRIPPLES-GATE he goes,
 May the proud Levite feel the Cripples' woes!
 Let not the poor in sighs complain, nor may
 One good Samaritan be heard to say,
 He look'd—he saw their wounds—and turn'd away.

September, 1784.

T. G.

Additional *Anecdotes* of TOM DISHCLOUT, the
wicked Persecutor of an excellent Evangelical
 Work, by whose *malicious and scandalous Exer-*
tions AGAINST that approved Publication the
 PUBLISHER has lost upwards of A THOU-
 SAND POUNDS.

N. B. As Mr. R——, a valuable gospel mini-
 ster, observes, it certainly was a contrivance of the
 Devil, to stop the circulation of a work which bid
 fairer to do more injury to his interest, than per-
 haps any work which was ever published before; and
 the cunning old SERPENT made choice of DISH-
 CLOUT as a fit tool to draw up an advertisement;
 and to collect names to it through false pretences—
 and the same enemy to religion and mankind as cer-
 tainly stimulated Dishclout to fix upon a certain
 Editor and a certain Printer (who were both for-
 merly dismissed from their employment respecting the
 Gospel Magazine for carelessness and neglect) to set up
 an insipid MISCELLANY merely in opposition
 to The SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE—but the
 event has shewn that no undertaking of the kind
 begun with such a spirit (as Mr. B. and others ob-
 served

served at some of their private meetings) can prosper, although supported by a set of men who first joined a Hypocrite in endeavouring to crush a work which they themselves secretly must confess it was their duty to promote.

* * * The plan, and insipid manner of the execution of this said *Miscellany*, seem so contrary to the spirit of the gospel, that if it was not for the name of the Editor (who, by the bye, is not generally believed to be very orthodox) being prefixed to it, one might naturally imagine it to be the production of some Arminian, or mongrel adventurer, whose extravagant stile of living, prompts him not only to have subscriptions set on foot to pay his debts unnecessarily contracted, but also to adopt any scheme to raise money to support his pride and imperiousness. But this attempt of his by no means satisfies the expectations of the friends of the gospel, who cannot approve of such time-serving, accommodating enterprizers, and who are not ashamed to avow their principles openly.

TOM DISH-CLOUT was born in London, of very poor parents; however, he is now a very rich man, and a hard-hearted one too.

Tom had an aunt, an old miser; who, by usury, acquired a considerable sum of money, which she laid out in the purchase of a freehold estate in *fee simple*. She was a member of a meeting belonging to Dr. G. Religion, it is said, was always uppermost in her mouth, while the love of riches was predominant in her heart. At length, expecting her dissolution was drawing near, she sent for Dr. G. who, ever ready to attend his rich members, came to her assistance; but he could not save her life. The time of death was near, and the Doctor,

it is said, wishing he might turn the event to his own advantage, told her, that her nephew, who was rather wild and extravagant, would spend her money in riotous living, and therefore advised her to leave it to himself; *who was more likely* to make a good use of it. By some means or other, the Doctor did not know that *Tom Disclout* was within hearing at the same time; *Tommy* soon convinced him of his mistake, and the Doctor was in a very awkward predicament. The will was already made, the Doctor returned home in disgust, the female miser paid the debt of nature, and *Tom Disclout*, at that time a student, levied a fine, and sued out a recovery upon the estate.

One would have thought, that such an acquisition of property would have made *Thomas* a good man, and benevolent to his fellow-creatures, but all to no purpose; for *Tommy*, to use the common phrase, knew better (or rather worse) things. He finished his studies at the academy; and having attended a few weeks at the tabernacle, to convince the people that he was *sincere*, he was made choice of by a congregation of Independants in Rope-maker's Alley, to be their *Pastor*. He was also made the Secretary to that correspondence, which the English Independants keep up with those in America; and, upon the whole, was looked upon by the weak, as little less than an Apostle. Ever anxious to get riches, he married a woman with a considerable fortune, and purchased a house for a valuable consideration, in that part of London where Cripplegate formerly stood.

He was a dull, heavy, and most perplexed preacher, and read his sermons as a school-boy does his theme; but, for all that, and a thousand

more distinguishing blemishes that marked his character, his hearers (most of whom were old usurers, pawnbrokers, bankrupts, and others of no credit) built him a meeting, containing so many seats, that there were at least two for each of the auditors. As it is the practice in the Church of England for the bishop, attended with his chancellor, and other proper officers, to consecrate all such churches as have been newly erected, so *Thomas Disclout* did the same. It is true, he had not a chancellor along with him, but he had a cobbler, who acted as door-keeper.

When the cobbler had ushered *Thomas* into the pulpit, a psalm was sung, and then his reverence got up and returned thanks that the hearts of the people were inspired to build *so fine a temple*. He likewise blessed God for giving such knowledge to the architect, who had finished such a noble structure, to be the admiration of all succeeding ages. He prayed that a blessing might attend *his* ministry in it, by which he meant, that he might get a considerable salary for his preaching; and he begged that God would send daily new bearers, by whose subscriptions, it is presumed, he might be able to purchase new estates, so as to leave his son with a qualification equal to that of his late friend *Warne*.

So regardless was he of heaven, that after he had told his Maker a great many tales in a very familiar way, he opened the Bible, and read the following words: "This is my rest, here will I dwell."—No bad place to repose yourself in, *Tommy*, thought the writer of this. Having read his text, he began to take notice, that the Jews had been long in an unsettled state, but God having given them peaceable possession of Jerusalem, they built a temple to his name and worship, and the

the dedicator called it *his place of rest*. He observed, likewise, that all ministers of the gospel should seek for places to *rest in*, and added, that no place was so proper for *rest* as a *meeting-house*. Indeed, the people began to think him in earnest, because it was in a manner impossible to hear him five minutes together without being *drowsy*, or *falling asleep*; but then it was found he had not provided the pews with *pillows*. This some thought rather *cruel*, because Dulness itself could not relish his *more* than dull discourses; but Thomas loved money, and he would not buy either *ticks* or *feathers*, nor provide *cushions*, although he knew that before he had got half way through his sermon, (which he read *verbatim & literatim*) he would see most of his hearers *asleep*. One evening Thomas Disclout having met with a *friend* at the house of his generous friend the *bookseller*, he asked him to dine with him next day; but for the sake of preserving the expressions *intire*, we shall insert the account of their interview and conversation, as related by this said *friend*.

"I told him (said his *friend*) I could pay for a dinner; and rather than take any thing from *him*, begged he would give it to those who were in *want*. My reason for saying so was, that the preceding day, when he dedicated his *meeting*, I had seen some poor wretches, seemingly as *religious* as himself, who implored alms from him, but were served in no better manner than Lazarus was by the rich man.

"Pshaw! (said he) you are a fool; come and dine with me, and I will teach you more than ever you knew; so that I consented, as information is my principal object wherever I go. I love

to see truth and falshood in their native simplicity ; and I shall, at all times, be ready to

“ *Catch the manners living as they rise.*”

“ When I arrived at the house of *Mr. Disclout*, his wife received me rather in a stiff, formal manner ; because, I imagine, she thought I was to come in a suit of *laced cloaths*. An elegant table was spread, with a fine side-board of plate, and soon after we sat down to dinner. As soon as I saw the turkey and chine, with two fine young leverets, I resolved not to spare them ; but trifling was what I eat, when compared with that devoured by my friend, a lawyer, who was of the party, and who had as little mercy on the different dishes of victuals as ever one of his brethren had on a client, or the Attorney-General when he files an information against a bookseller, to make him answer interrogatories. I am not sure whether ever he took *double fees*, but sure I am he took from them a *double* quantity of those valuable articles which *Thomas* had procured. I could scarce refrain from smiling during dinner ; especially when *Tommy Disclout* and his lady cast a side-glance at the lawyer : and that nothing might be wanting to render our time as agreeable as possible, it was proposed that the cloth should be removed, and some bottles of red port, with glasses and a dozen of pipes placed on the table. This being done, and the glasses filled, I drank to the lady, and then she retired.

“ *Thomas* who had, in a manner, hitherto kept silence, now opened his mouth, and told me that my notions of benevolence were altogether romantic. He said, that if we should give all the money we had to beggars, we would reserve none for ourselves,

selves, so that we should soon be as poor as them. I put him in mind of the character of Christ, whose conduct was to bind up the broken-hearted, and set the prisoners free; and, therefore I looked upon it as his duty to do the same, while he had the means in his power. But he only laughed at me, and said, that Christians in the primitive ages were no better than fools; for, were we to do so now, we could neither get silk gowns for our wives, nor buy elegant houses for ourselves.

“ At that instant his wife made her appearance, and as her looks were not the most promising, I said no more on the subject, lest I should have given her ladyship any offence.

“ Tommy however treated us in the most hospitable manner, and his wife having withdrawn herself again from the room, and finding the lawyer began to light his pipe in a little more than ordinary merry humour, little did I think he was a hatching mischief; but as a friend of mine used to say, ‘There was no evil in the world which the devil had not a hand in’, so before I left Cripple-gate, I began to look upon lawyers next in consanguinity to that fiend.

“ The lawyer having fortified himself with two or three glasses of port to moisten the choice viands, and make the tobacco burn more pure, proposed that some subject should be brought on the tapis, by which we might instruct and entertain each other. The gravity of my appearance made it natural to give me the preference in fixing upon some particular subject of debate. The lawyer having mentioned it to me, he was seconded by Mr. Dish-clout; at first I thought to have excused myself, but as both my friends were pressing, I was obliged to look over the concordance of my memory, in order

order to find out something proper for the occasion. At last I proposed, that as I had the honour to be in company with a divine and a lawyer, the time could not be better spent than in pointing out which of their professions was the most beneficial to mankind.

"The subject matter of conversation being now stated, Mr. *Disheclout* spoke as follows:

"*Disheclout*. Divinity is as superior to law, as the soul and all it's immortal concerns are superior to the perishing things of this world. An experienced divine, brings souls to an eternal inheritance which shall never fade away. But lawyers can only help us to the possession of a temporal estate, a few poor perishing acres of land, that may be swallowed up by a deluge, or seized by an enemy."

"To which the lawyer replied as follows:

"*Lawyer*. I shall not at present, sir, dispute your qualifications as a divine; I doubt not but some pious persons have been edified by your sermons: but it is inconsistent with my duty, not to vindicate the profession of the law as a rational science, calculated to promote the natural and acquired rights of mankind. YOUR qualifying people for heaven, may for any thing I know, be only imaginary, and I think I am as well acquainted with eternity as yourself. On the other hand, lawyers treat only of such things as present themselves to the senses, so that there cannot be any deception; but I have some reason to imagine YOU are not so forward in taking possession of your eternal inheritance, as yourself and a few others vainly imagine."

"I now addressed myself to the lawyer as follows:

"Do

"Do not be warm, sir, for I must coincide with Mr. *Dishclout*, because I have often heard that you lawyers are as great villains as ever lived in the world; nay, I have been told, that after you have abused each other for an hour together, you will leave the court with your fees in your pocket, and laugh at the unfortunate clients who have been the dupes of your cunning."

We shall here add some *anecdotes*, which pretty clearly shew the temper and disposition of Mr. *Dishclout*. Some lines appearing in the *Magazines*, a friend of his (for he has many such *friends*) was at the expence of printing a pretty large number to circulate at *Cole's*, and other places, where this *officious* man is well known: many were by some means or other pasted up with his *head* against his meeting-door, and all round the neighbourhood of Cripplegate, late on a Saturday night, so that they appeared in full view on Sunday morning, when people were going to public worship. This enraged Tom *Dishclout* greatly—he sent his pew-opener and others around to pull most of them down—posted *Lucy*, his *maid*, and other spies at different quarters, to find out the parties who had so exposed him—nay, one of his *mirmydons*, who lodges in Aldermanbury, went so far as Paternoster-Row, and offered a poor shoe-black five shillings, if he would swear who stuck the satires in that part of the town, for they were exhibited in that neighbourhood, and in many other places. As for Mr. H——, in Paternoster-Row, (he said to several people) I will file a rule in the King's-Bench against him,—and the rascally *author* I will lay in jail;—and he shall be obliged, before Christmas, to beg a blanket and a bit of bread to keep him from starving. However, not being able to find people to swear through thick and thin, he has abandoned his

C

threats,

threats,* after having counsel's opinion that he could do nothing without he found people to *swear* lies; and so he must submit to the mortification which his *conduct* so justly deserves. At *Cole's* he is pointed at, laughed at, jeer'd, (though he does not always see it, notwithstanding his sense, which he prides himself so much in) and it is a matter of surprize to many, that he appears at all in public—for he is universally hated, and not one keeps him company from pure motives of friendship—His impudence and riches are the only reasons, why any person even seems to be civil to him. Mr. Tol—r, Mr. Pal—r, and many others whom we could mention, enjoy in a very particular manner, the just methods which have been used to expose his vile *conduct* towards the *Magazine*; because Mr. H. would not submit to his abuse and passion, when he called in Paternoster-Row.

Various have been the squibbs, fatires, lampoons, advertisements, rebusses, epitaphs, epistles, epigrams, acrostics, similes, caricatures, anecdotes, songs, &c. which have been published on this occasion, and industriously circulated throughout the kingdom, (whereby Mr. *Disbclout* has become celebrated in this business) and we are happy to find every person who has seen them, has at least secretly expressed a satisfaction that this *busy body* has for once met with his match, or one who would not tamely submit to his tyranny; although *Disbclout* assured him REPEATEDLY, *he would do him all the mischief he could.*

G. G.

The

* Nay, if any thing had been done which was *actionable*, there is little doubt but the *remedy* would be to *himself* worse than the *disease*,—as the more he *stirs himself* in the *business*, the better able will a certain person be to flog him publicly for his impertinence, and expose him to the world.

The SOLILOQUY

Of TOM DISHCLOUT, the celebrated ADVERTISING PARSON, on Sunday Evening, October 10, 1784, after having seen the SATIRICAL STORY (with his Picture) stuck up at his Meeting-House Door, and other Parts adjacent, in London-Wall, and the Parish of Cripplegate, &c. &c.

S C E N E.

TOM DISHCLOUT, seated in his Elbow-Chair—Before him, on a Table, a flowing Bowl of Punch—On his Right Hand a Bible—And on his Left some Numbers of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

Enter Lucy, the Servant-Maid.

Lucy. **L**A! fir, I am put into such a fright.—This here paper was put into my hands by Mr. Stiff, our pew-opener, and he says it is a *satirical story* founded on facts, and that on every wall in the parish it is——

Disclout. Hush, Lucy.—A plague on it, I say—worse than prisons, poverty, and racks.

Lucy. Racks, *shir*, (as you say) why, it is fit only to cover, or finge a fowl—burn it!

Disclout. Poor souls! they are angry—But I will be revenged—Mind me, Lucy—do you go to Mr. Plumber, Mr. Wigman, and Mr. Pressmaker; perhaps you may find out if they have received any of the papers.—Mr. Wilson I find has obtained many of them, and takes some pains to circulate the *scandal*, but I'll be a *spoke in his wheel*, Lucy—that's right, put me in mind to make a tool of Macaroni Bennet, that is, to set him to inquire about this affair of Conder, who you know engraves

for Hogg, and is acquainted with V——, the Stationer—that's a good thought, Lucy, remember I speak to my son Tommy in Newgate-street, and he'll send some *spies* into the Row, to fish out something;—but perhaps, Mrs. Ditch, or Pond, may also give us some intelligence.—Don't let me forget what I mentioned when I came home from meeting—You know I said it might be political for me to take this satire in my pocket, next Tuesday, to Pinner's-hall lecture, and then very orderly take it out, when I go to *Cole's* for my morning noggin, and read it myself before the rest of the ministers; that they may thereby suppose I care little about the matter; for I fear, as I am not much liked, you know, many will be forward enough to sneer at me.—I hear Hogg means to send somebody to entrap me, under the idea that the person coming disapproves of Hogg's treatment of me, and offers his service to write against Hogg—but I shall be on my guard, I am cunning, you know, Lucy—let me know if you see any ill-looking fellow skulking about the neighbourhood.—And, mind what I say, Lucy, bid Mr. Stiff go to the shoe-black, who sits nearly opposite the Hogg, in Paternoster-Row, and tell him, if he will *swear* the paper was pasted up at his corner, by *he knows who*, I will give him—no matter what sum, for I shall not give him much; but mum, Lucy, for that.

Lucy. Yes, sir, I knows what mum is—I understand you, sir, perfectly—I hope, sir, the punch is to your mind.

Disclout, Excellent! I know you made it, Lucy—but I am now rather flurried, and all that—come, take a glass, and drink to *secret pleasures*, without a discovery.

Lucy. Ah, sir, you knows how to be pleasant
in

In a corner—Orchard-house for that, (*aside*)—and may we, say I, always know how to keep our *own secrets*. [Exit.

Tom Dishclout *solus*.

O sweet hypocrisy, what a pretty conveniency art thou!—Here on my left lies my bane—there, on my right, is my antidote—let me take a dip—(*takes the bible*)—"Covetousness, which is idolatry"—that will never do—I will try again—"And worship the creature more than the Creator"—worse and worse—O! conscience! conscience!—This Spiritual Magazine, curse it, it tells me I am a *fool*, a *busy-body*, an *orphan-plunderer*, and all that—That oracle of truth reminds me how much I love money, the root of all evil—Come, dear reviver of drooping spirits, my secret bosom friend, what do you say? (*drinks*)—Heigh ho! it will not do—Deuce take it!—To be made the jest of all the town—my name to be thus gibbeted—my infamy dying, and yet never to die—To be arraigned, judged, executed, daily, in verse and prose—I might as well be stretched on the rack—why I scarcely ever go out but Cripplegate bell cries TOLL—I fear even the boys will accost me, when I walk the streets, with a—how d' you do, Mr. Dishclout—were it possible, I had rather part with half my estate, than to be thus hunted; and be thought to deserve it too—A plague on it!—What had I to do with that Spiritual Magazine? says one—What offence could it give professors of religion? observes another—A foolish, meddling, unmeaning business, says a third—There's Ben Doleful, the field-preacher, when I begged his name to my *advertisement*, cried out, *ad quem*, Tommy?—To what end?—To preserve, said I, the dignity of writing—The dignity of sh—te—ng, replied

replied Ben, in a huff—But then liberty has been taken to mention our names, by saying our *portraits* and *characters* are to be published—Consider our consequence, our characters, our judgment, our patronage, Mr. Doleful—Consider! replied Ben; little consideration is necessary; keep at home snug in your closet, Tommy, and then the world will mind neither you nor your *character*—(here a pause for three glasses of punch)—Ha, ha, ha!!! Well, I cannot help laughing, when I think what a pretty take-in it was upon the whole—away goes I first to the sweet finger of Israel, Dr. Royston—"In the Emporium of sacred composition, our *fiat* is, brother, unquestionably necessary, and I shall therefore readily sign."—Well Mon, says Harry Ninepin, (who sent the Hogg a letter of approbation, &c.) what ha' ye got there?—It is about a *Hogg*, fir, (said I)—A Hogg,—the de'el tak his wem, I know nae harm aboot him, but for all that, I love fun, and therefore *utterly disapprove*—Tom Pantheon, and Jack Weighbouse signed—though they had sat for their pictures—John Trott cried out, "That's right, I have a son an Engraver, and will not be a patron of Spiritual Works; put my name down, Munching-Mallico, a lover of mischief"—Sam Hackney declared, no one should take the liberty of giving his *head*, and of mentioning his well-known *name*, without first producing a *certificate*—And Abraham Tent closed the list of my twenty-six dupes, because Mr. Hogg dared to publish a serious and useful Magazine, *without our knowledge and consent*.—When I came to a certain *Academy-Tutor*, Mr. Disbelout, said he, I do not like this business of your's; it favours too much of the works of the flesh; a bishop should be no railer, no *busy-body*;
not

not given to wine; nor a lover of filthy lucre; it is an important work, to mind our own souls; more so, to have the charge of others; and to render evil for good is not only fleshly, but devilish; do go home, and examine *yourself*, for much I fear, you know not what spirit *you* are of.—Mr. K——, Mr. B——, and a vast many other ministers to whom I applied, I was surprized to find averse to my *advertisement*, and they absolutely refused their names—and, in short, I found much difficulty to procure twenty-six signatures to countenance my *black deed*.—Memorandum for my Diary.—This is a downright Hogg—I am vexed—quite vexed—what a plaguy deal of shoe-leather have I worn out in this irksome business—run about from house to house, with the most specious pretences—cringed, flattered, bribed, humbled, lied—moved every wheel and wire—yet here I am—the same impertinent—a very blockhead—without having got one inch forward, or one grain of advantage for my pains—The *Magazine* still continues to my great mortification, and I cannot entirely crush it—(another pause of three glasses.)

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O lud! O lud! sir, here is another sort of paper directed to and left for your Reverence.

Dishclout. Let me see, let me see—An advertisement—Humph! (reads.)

An ADVERTISEMENT against Mr. Dishclout.

“WE, whose names are under-written, at the earnest sollicitation, and persuasion, of an impertinent busy-body, commonly called *Tom Dishclout*, hav-

having expressed our utter *disapprobation* of we knew not what, and signed an unmeaning, senseless paper, we knew not why, the real intent of which, now plainly appears, was to injure an honest Bookseller, and to prevent the sale of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, which we find is approved and read with the greatest pleasure, by all sincere professors of religion, who have had the satisfaction to peruse it——do hereby declare, that we should, had we not been deceived, have thought it an honour, to have been considered by the Public as the Patrons of the above-mentioned periodical work, and to have had our Portraits given in the same, with those of other Ministers, for the encouragement and support of such a truly excellent performance. Furthermore, we declare our unfeigned sorrow and contrition, that our brother the said *Tom Dishclout* should have grossly abused Mr. H—, in his own house, whom we believe to be a fair, well-meaning, honest trader; and especially, that we should so easily have been made the dupes of *Tom Dishclout's* low cunning, whose conduct, though a brother, we *utterly disapprove*——and *Whereas* the Publisher of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, whom *Tom Dishclout*, without any provocation, represented to us as one who had merely set up *A Religious Mouse-trap*, to catch the penny, (like some of our meetings and chapels)——might with reason and justice bring an action of damages against all of us, and each singly; we do therefore here most gratefully acknowledge his lenity and christian forbearance, in not having taken advantage of our weakness. Finally, We ask pardon for our indiscretion, in having given our names, through surprize, to *Dishclout's* advertisement, and promise for the future to be more upon

upon our guard, against the malicious designs of every rascally busy-body:"

Thomas Royston,
Henry Ninepin,
John Reynard,
Samuel Noncon,
Joshua Webber,
Henry Meader,
Daniel Fish,
Benjamin Davy,
Samuel Brewhim,
William Macaroni,*
Nathaniel Stiff,
Joseph Shaver,
John Staff,

Noah Mount,
John Roger,†
John Rip,
William Butt,
Richard Crab,
Thomas Pantheon,
John Mart,
John Trott,
Henry Changecoat,
John Weathercock,
Richard Longacre,
John Weighouse,
Abraham Tent.

Lucy.

* Understanding this gentleman finds fault with the title given him, we would beg leave to propose another to his consideration, viz. William *Trap-Ball*, on *Good-Fridays*,—as he is particularly fond of a game at *trap-ball* on that day.

† This Gentleman, who in a *busby* wig, and a *silk coat*, is remarkable for declaiming against dress, seems to take pleasure in traducing the character of the *Spiritual Magazine*, by calling it a *scandalous Magazine*—and yet, he even acknowledged to the *Rural Christian*, that he had not perused a single Number of it, and requested that gentleman to procure him that Number which contained his picture—for nothing we suppose: but most people who are acquainted with this gentleman know that he as seldom displays his good manners, as he has mercy on a plate of toast or a pot of porter. This consistent Parson puts us in mind of a *Mr. Flower*, who also

D

bestows

Lucy. Bless me! what a burning shame for one of your fortune, to be thus buffeted by a parcel of *turn-coats*.

Disbelclout. Would I could tell who the author of these lampoons is.—I suspect A—, J—, C—, and even Hogg himself. I think I have heard the latter is not able to do any thing at poetry, and some of the lines in the satire are pretty good, I must confess—but it is more than probable that *he* has done this sham advertisement—However, I am determined the parties shall, by hook or by crook, be proceeded against with the harshest means.—But, Lucy, have you inquired thoroughly about this affair, child?

Lucy. O yes, sir, I have spared no pains to find the rogue out. “First, I inquired who the author was?—they told me he was a strange gentleman.—Secondly, I *axed*, what the gentleman was?—they answered and said, that they had never seen him.—Thirdly, I *axed* what was his name?—they replied, that was more than they knew.—Fourthly, I *axed* where he lived?—they answered, they could not tell.”

Disbelclout. Valuable intelligence!—Mere bantering, Lucy!

Lucy. By my fay-so, I meet with nothing else but saucy *bantlings*, and jeers from impudent huffeys, wherever I go—I was coming from over the way just now, when *Moll Drab* *ballows* out—*Lucy*,
how

bestows the *epithet* SCANDALOUS to the above-mentioned Magazine; but we would give HIM a *hint*, who had not wit enough to keep the money already got to his hand, to mind his own concerns, or perhaps the Directors may not very well relish trusting him in the Bank.

how does *Master Tommy* do?—I suppose he *chir-rups* a little, now he has had a warm *dishclout* clapt to his —.

Dishclout. Well, well, no matter—But have you seen any one belonging to my friend, the *linen-draper*?

Lucy. Sartinly, fir; I saw *Jemmy Spruce*, the shopman; but when I *axed* him several questions, as what his Master thought of the *lamproons* and the *belike*—he only answered—But, *Lucy*—don't your Master want any *towels*?—we have got some exceeding good cloth for *towels* and *dishclouts*, just come from the *manufactory* in *Pater-noster Row*.

Dishclout. A foolish, impertinent fellow!

Lucy. Ah, fir, so say I; it was as much as to say, we had done a very *foolish business*. If I was you, fir, I would never buy another *towel* or *dishclout* at the shop as long as I lived.

Dishclout. Pho, pho!—But remember, *Lucy*, to inquire after the person who stuck up that scandalous libel, on my Meeting-house door; and do not forget Mr. *Stiff's* business.

Lucy. O no, fir, I shall inquire all over the neighbourhood about the *labels*—but, my dear fir, I fear you have this time got the wrong *pig* by the ear.

[Exit.

Tom Dishclout solus.

I believe the girl is right—a foolish kind of business, indeed!—But as I began it, I must, at *all events*, try to justify my conduct—May the publisher of that *SPIRITUAL stuff*, and all the *lousy scribblers*, be made the *devil's turn-spits*. I'll make those *bravoes truckle*—I will be a match for them—I have a *keen, revengeful* spirit, and they shall feel my resentment.—O Truth! Conviction! Reli-

gion!—but what have I to do with ye?—Is a man of my consequence, *my weight!*—worth *sixty thousand pounds!*—There's *truth* for you!—Is one possessed of such *heavy arguments*, to be cramped by the *sneaking* injunctions of Peace, Charity, and *all that?*—My *little flock* laugh at this affair, as a pretty piece of fun—I laugh likewise—but with a kind of *satanical grin*.—With what a sweet temper shall I now go to read and pray in my family!—When the heart is *bad*, reading, praying, and preaching, are dry formalities, mere tinkling sounds.—Forgive us our trespasses, as *we* forgive those who trespass against us.—A Bishop should be no *bravoler*—no *busy-body*;—he should avoid all *envy, malice, and strife*—I can think no more—*(rises up)*—O! what is the *name*, without the real vital power of religion!—*(Exit in a hurry)*—But I must, and will pursue *Hogg* to the last, that I may keep my promise; and do every thing in my power to *do him all the mischief I can*.

T. J.

A SOLILOQUY, occasioned by reading the different REMARKS in the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, &c. respecting that SCANDALOUS FELLOW, TOM DISCLOUT.

By a PRIVATE CHRISTIAN.

TO profess to be a Christian, while the possession of christian love, charity, humility, and grace is utterly estranged to the professor, must be a damnable delusion; to preach the doctrines of Christ to others, while the preacher lives and acts diametrically opposite to them himself, must surely be a fatal self-deception, if not a wilful as-

front to the great and divine Author of such doctrines; these thoughts were suggested by reading the various Remarks concerning the conduct of a dissenting minister of London-Wall, for endeavouring to injure both the character of the Publisher, and the sale of the New Spiritual Magazine.

Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon, that one who has long stood forth as a preacher of the gospel of Christ, should both in word and conduct, be an open reproach to Christ and his gospel too; that one who has for near forty years been esteemed a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, should in his old age become a scandal to his profession, an avowed persecutor of an honest tradesman, and an abetter of lies, malice, and defamation.

What! has religion lost it's power to regulate the tempers, actions, and dispositions of it's profest advocates and followers? Or have the consciences of some of it's modern votaries become callous to all the mild and amiable feelings of *pure christianity*, as they so beautifully appeared in, and ever actuated the benign and gracious Author of it? God forbid; but what can be said, when even those who avow themselves gospel ministers, publicly countenance and set their hands to an advertisement, * evidently calculated to injure, if not totally suppress, the sale of a work, which some
of

* Such hostile treatment from such a quarter, obliges us to exclaim,

—Tanta ne animis cœlestibus ira?

And dwells such rage in rev'rend bosoms then?
And lodge such spiteful souls in Gospel-men?

of them had promised to encourage, and which it was the duty of all to promote?*

To the various epigrams, &c. which have appeared on the *malicious* and *hypocritical parson*, late of Ropemaker's-Alley, the following may, without impropriety, be added:

There is a parson, but 'tis somewhat droll,
His care is for the body, not the soul;
His temper's dev'lish, and his name is TOLL. }

G. W.

An EPIGRAM on TOM DISHCLOUT.†

TOM, where's thy *Equal* to be found?

A PARSON *brisk* and *mellow*!
Thy *Weight* is *sixty thousand pound*!
O! what a *charming fellow*!

J. W.

A LITTLE WISH

Of a Little Friend to the Little Flock, at the Little Meeting-house, London Wall.

MORPHEUS, *drowsy Friend* of mine,
Lead, O! lead me to thy Shrine!

To

* See the Advertisement of the Twenty-seven Advertising Parsons, in No. 37, of the New Spiritual Magazine, &c. &c.

† Both Mr. Dishclout and his son, have told several persons that Mr. H. must take great care what he does; and Mr. Dishclout himself says he means to lay still, and see what the Publisher will do, that

To the *Meeting-house* repair,
At *London-wall*, and place me *there* :
Hark !---a voice that seems to say,
Brothers, Sisters, come away,
Come, where DISHCLOUT will dispense
Pow'rs to lull each *wakeful sense* ;
Brothers, Sisters, come away,
For *this* with *Us* is SLEEPING-DAY.

W. B.

The Directions given by MR. HOGG to his Artist, who furnished the PICTURE of Mr. DISHCLOUT, thrown into Verse by one who was present.*

THORNTON, do what you are *told*,
Draw an outline strong and bold ;
Twisted features let there be,
And *two squinting eyes*, d'ye see ;

Give

that he may take advantage of the first unguarded step ; and on being reminded that Mr. H. will no doubt endeavour to be cautious, says with no small degree of pleasing expectation in his *phiz*, "*Perhaps, he may overshoot his mark.*"

* We hear an Account is given of Mr. DISHCLOUT'S remarkable PERSECUTION of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, in the *New Edition* of Fox's BOOK of MARTYRS, and very properly too we conceive, for PERSECUTION against any *Person* or *Undertaking* of a *truly Religious Nature* is the SAME, whether carried on by an *Independent Minister*, or a *Romish Bishop*, and therefore naturally comes within the *Plan* of the Editor of that Work, who has pledged himself to the Public to give

Give them a *rude, saucy stare,*
 Or a *sleering, scornful air;*
 A *Grin detested* let appear,
 Or a *vicious, spiteful sneer;*
 Make the *Head THICK, broad, and big,*
 With a *grizzled bushy Wig;*
 Under a GRAVE MASQUE *pourtray*
Antic smiles, and Laughter gay;
Blend the Colours warm and mellow,
*Such as paint a BUSY * Fellow;*
In the whole be sure to place
The semblance of an Idiot face;
Then all will own, This MAN of STRIFE
Is PARSON TOLL, drawn to the Life.

S. P.

A POR-

give an Impartial History of all Persecutions whatever, and to bring his Work down to the *Present Time*.——We also understand that Mr. Thornton, in his New History of London, has alluded to this business in that part of his work, which respects Cripplegate Buildings, &c.—In the London and Country Magazines, we also hear will be given soon the *Tete-a-tete* between *Tom Dishclout* and *Lucy*, together with *Memoirs of their private Pastime*.

* Mr. Dishclout, we hear, makes it his business to go about to the Tabernacle, Surry Chapel, &c. &c. &c. and to hide himself behind the pillars, seats, &c. in order if possible to detect any irregularity of the Clerk or Pew-openers, that he may have an opportunity to write to the managers, and have the said servants turned out. Such things as these, he delights in.

A PORTRAIT *taken from the LIFE.*

FOR your *New Chronicle* this PICTURE I draw,
 In *Strutting* a Game-cock, in *Pride* a Jackdaw,
 In *Chatt'ring* a Magpy, in *Sense* but a Boobie,
 An Owl, for his *Wisdom*, an Emblem will true be;
 As rude as a Bear, no Mule half so froward;
 No *Ass* in his Panniers, at times, more untoward;
 Like a Monkey a mixture of busy and idle;
 In *Temper* a Devil, whom no one can bridle;
 For *manners* a Sow when half-drunk is the sample,
 A Pattern for none, for all an Example;
 In his House a mere Wasp, by his passions, is showr;
 A PUPPY abroad; in his Pulpit a DRONE;
 Now tell me, ye Lovers of Mirth and the Bowl,
 Has this any *Likeness* to old Parson TOLL?

M. R.

A P U Z Z L E.

TAKE the Name of a Fish in running streams
 found,
 And a Tree, the true Native of English Ground;
 Near Greenland go search where strange monsters ap-
 pear;
 Or find out a Beast which will make you to fear;
 To these add a thing neither fish, flesh, or fowl;
 Th' Initials will point out a stupid old Soul,
 To Mischief inclin'd, or a good flowing Bowl.

SOLUTION.

A
 TROUT,
 OAK,
 WHALE,
 LION,
 EGG.

G. W——n.

E

The

The *Solution* of the following Lines is most *bumbly* requested from *any one* of the *very learned, Pious, and Virtuous* TWENTY-SEVEN ADVERTISING PARSONS.*

BY a Lake, Marsh, or Pond, most *loathsome* in
Feature,

You will find a *dark, spotted, brown poisonous creature*;
A *dull squinting Bird* in a Barn you'll discover,
Which an *Elf* of a † *Parson* may truly call brother;

Where sweets most abound, is seen flying about
An *Insect*, though *small*, in it's *Sting very stout*:
In your Head, though a wise one, perhaps you
may find

A *Creeper*, the Pest of, and loath'd by Mankind:
If you grope in the Dirt, you will find it conceal
A *slippery Fish*, which few like to feel.

The *Initials* of THESE, if connected together,
Will give you, as sure as a Bird wears a Feather,
The

* See the *Newspapers* of September 1783, where may be seen an exact Copy of the Scandalous and Malicious Advertisement here alluded to.

† Here we shall quote a passage from Juvenal, which seems very applicable to this gentleman, viz.

*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.*

For the sake of the mere English reader, we shall give the meaning,

“ Every error of the mind becomes the more conspicuously criminal, in proportion to the respectability of character which the person bears who commits it.”

ON MASTER TOMMY DISHCLOUT, B. D. 35

The *Name* of a *Man*, whom our *Muse* means to
rally,

Who one time was *Preacher* in *Rope-maker's Alley*.

H. A.

A *Transcript* of the *above Rebus* being sent to
each of the famous *Seven-and-twenty* ADVERTISING
PARSONS, the Drs. *Royston* and *Ninepin* have jointly
furnished the following *Solution* for the Entertainment
of the Public.

A

T OAD,

O WL,

W ASP,

L OUSE,

E EL.

On the Rev. Mr. THOMAS DISHCLOUT.

T OMMY's a minister, don't think it odd,
O rdain'd to preach by man, but not by God;
W ithout a grain of grace within his soul,
L oft to all charms, but of the flowing bowl,
E 'en such a worthless wretch, is Parson T——. *
G. W.

Droll Lines on a certain notorious and scandalous
Dissenting Parson, (late of Rope-maker's Al-
ley, Moorfields) who is remarkable for dealing
in Calumny, Deceit, and Malice---especially
E 2 against

* From all such Ministers, Good Lord deli-
ver us.

against a certain Bookseller, *whose Character he has traduced, for publishing his Picture in the New Spiritual Magazine.*

WHO is that *preaching* HYPOCRITE,
 Who *cares not* for the soul?
 The question I had scarcely ask'd,
 When lo! the bell said TOLL.
 Who's he that has of *grace no stock*,
 But loves a *flowing bowl*,
 More than his *bible* or his *flock*?
 The bell again said TOLL.

G. W.

MATT. PRIOR's SIMILE, applied to a certain
Scandalous ADVERTISEMENT MANUFACTURER; and addressed to our *very good Friend*,
 and *Brother POET*, the Rev. Dr. GIBBONS,
whose Name stands first on the List.

"DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 " Thy Head into a Tinman's shop?
 " There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 " ('Tis but my way of simile)
 " An idle Squirrel spend his rage,
 " In hopping round an iron cage;
 " But though he moves both wheel and wire,
 " He never gets an inch the higher." —

So have I seen for Scandal fam'd,
 Of Cripplegate The GOSSIP, nam'd,
 One DISCLOUT, alias T—, I trow,
 From house to house * run to and fro:

Loud

* Vide Satan in Job, chap. ii. ver. 2, 3,

Loud peals of calumny now ring;
 † *His* PUPPETS *Twenty-six* up spring;
 But though T— sweats to prove and *spread it*,
 He never gains *one inch of credit*.

Curious ADVERTISEMENTS, originally inserted
 in the MAGAZINES, &c.

LOST, *some months ago*, in *Pater-noster Row*, as it is supposed, or *left in a bookseller's shop*, not far from *Dolly's Chop-house*, by a dissenting minister in a pet, the *beauties of a* CHRISTIAN TEMPER and SPIRIT; whosoever has found them, and will restore them to the REV. MR. T—, near *Cripplegate*, will be *handsomely rewarded*, as the *loser is a Gentleman*, and in *great want of them*.

WENT AWAY from his *house in Cripplegate-buildings*, a *few days since*, supposed to be under some *trouble of mind* (for having greatly INJURED a certain *Bookseller in Pater-noster Row*, and thereby deceived many *unwary Professors of Religion*, whereby the said *Bookseller, Mr. Hogg*, has sustained a *loss of upwards of a THOUSAND POUNDS* in the *Sale of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE*) the REV. MR. T—, a *famous dissenting parson*; he is about *60 years of age*, about *5 feet 5 inches, squat made*, and has a *cast in his right eye*; when he left his home he was *drest in black*, with *coloured buckles in his shoes*, and had on a *grizzle wig*; whoever finds him, and will convey him to the bottom of *Wood-street*, shall be *liberally rewarded* for his trouble.

AN

† See the newspapers of September 1783, &c.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

LATELY was found in a *Bookseller's shop* in *Paternoster Row*, not far from *Dolly's Beefsteak-house*, the glaring *HYPOCRISY* and *CRUEL DISPOSITION* of a certain dissenting parson of *London-Wall*; they were discovered by the master of the *SHOP*, through publishing the *SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE* without the said parson's *Liberty, Assistance, Knowledge, Consent, or Advice*; this is here inserted as a caution, lest other honest *Tradesmen* should be taken in by him.

G. W.

“God forbid.” Romans vi. 2.

IF a man thinks he is called to preach the gospel, and yet does not appear to be properly qualified for the work, shall he run before he is sent? God forbid.

“If any man preaches faith without works, or works without faith, as a doctrine according to godliness, shall he be accounted a minister of the gospel? God forbid.

If a man tells me I am to be saved by my own works, or by any thing short of Jesus Christ, and him crucified, shall I believe him? God forbid.

Shall I commit sin, because grace abounds? or think of magnifying the riches of God's mercy, by adding iniquity to iniquity? God forbid.

Shall I put off repentance till a future time, in hopes that I shall have time enough to repent by and by? God forbid.

Shall I look to the riches, honours, pleasures, or enjoyments of *this* world for happiness, or expect to be happy while a stranger to *vital* godliness? God forbid.

Shall I, in the midst of life, be unmindful of death;

death; or squander away time, regardless of eternity? God forbid.

Shall I rest satisfied with making a profession of religion, without the possession of it in my heart? God forbid?

Shall a man who professes to be a Christian, live like a heathen, or only have a name to live, while he is dead? God forbid.

Shall any one read these questions without attending to their importance; or make a mere joke of them, as trifles fit only for enthusiastical *Methodists* and *madmen* to attend to? God forbid.

G. W.

P. S. Shall a *private Christian*, much less a MAN, who STANDS UP as a MINISTER OF CHRIST, endeavour to INJURE an *honest Bookseller* in the SALE of a PERIODICAL WORK, which *he knows nothing worse of*, than it's being a truly Evangelical Library of systematical and practical Divinity? God forbid.

A SATIRICAL CARICATURE of Master TOMMY DISHCLOUT, an eminent Dissenting Teacher, being a striking Display of his Sincerity.

WHAT is that now you orthodox call, my sweet soul?

Said Major O'Paddy to Master Tom T—

I will tell you, friend Paddy, the Parson reply'd;

It is a Diplom' * from beyond the Tweed side:

It

* A Diploma, we think, may be purchased at Aberdeen, &c. for about 11l. but Dr. H—r and others of our consequential advertising parsons, can speak with more certainty on this subject.

40 SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS PIECES

It is a Pantile-house, cramm'd full † of *rich* finners;
 It is many good presents, with many good dinners:
 It is a plump capon, or a pig lin'd with fat,
 Such as B—r or P—m—r would lick their lips at:
 It is sweet *Regis Donum*, ‡ that magical spell;
 How bellow'd, perhaps, G—b—ns or H—t—r can
 tell:

But, in short, it is what now before you you see—
 Just such a PROUD, TROUBLESOME PUPPY as ME.

J. C.

*An INDEPENDENT PARSON'S BEGGING EPISTLE, to
 his dearly beloved Brethren, in the City of Lon-
 don, viz. Mr. T—l and his Six-and-twenty
 Advertising Friends, who through inadvertency
 or some worse motive, joined him in advertising
 against the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.*

Copied from a Newspaper of December, 1778.

DEAR Brethren I court,
 For a daily support,



Your

† This is not the case with the meeting-house
 near Cripplegate, where the Rev. Mr. T—
 preaches, nor indeed with many other places be-
 longing to those who were concerned in signing his
 malicious advertisement.

‡ The gift of the King, which is 1800. per an-
 num, allowed by Government to the Dissenters, of
 which not the most cursory account is given to
 that body, or to the public; and consequently
 how, or to whom, it is distributed, is known
 only to those who receive it from Government.

Your favour with *this here* petition,
 Hard would be *your* case,
 Were you in the *same* place,
 And in the *same* ragged condition:

May I never dubb'd be,
 With a *Doctor's* degree;
 If I have a *George* or a *Teaster*;
 And my belly complains,
 With sharp twitching pains,
 That she cannot keep *Lent* for next *Easter*:

Ten circular letters
 I wrote you, my *betters*,
 Not forgetting each reverend *Don*;
 For surely, I thought,
 Men with *charity* fraught,
 Would send me the *sme-qua-non*:

But a doubt now arose,
 If in humble prose,
 You would listen to what I should say,
 So in *verse* I make bold
 My wants to unfold,
 As much the more elegant way:

What profit my Muse
 May chance to produce,
 If little or much there's no guessing;
 But suppose for my wit,
 Not *one farthing* I get,
 I always am sure of your *blessing*.

J. T.

F

A re-

A remarkable EPITAPH, which is likely to be found some time hence, in Bunhill-fields Burial-ground, near Moorfields.

Underneath this stone is deposited
all that was mortal of
THOMAS DISHCLOUT, B. D.
Late Pastor of a Dissenting Congregation
in Rope-maker's Alley, Moorfields,
Who, it is supposed, died of a **BROKEN**
HEART, for having *unjustly* **PERSE-**
CUTED an *honest* Bookseller *
in Pater-noster Row,
Whom he knew nothing worse of, than publishing a
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE
Without his knowledge or consent.

Inscription for the Foot-stone.

*Here lies the Reverend Thomas T—— :
The Lord have mercy on his soul.*

Amen. G. W.

* N. B. There are certainly some *Honest* Book-sellers, as well as *Parsons* and *Lawyers*.

F I N I S.

